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## MAKERS AND SPENDERS.

### FOURTH ARTICLE.

THERE is yet another class of spenders worthy of our attention. It is composed of those individuals, who, on an unforeseen reduction of their circumstances, prefer picking up a miserable subsistence by a dependence on friends and acquaintances, to earning the means of honest living, by engaging in employment below what they imagine to be the standard of gentility.

Undeserved reduction of circumstances is one of the most respectable of all things, and it will always gain respect in the local circle where it is known. Many misfortunes, however, which are called undeserved, are only called so by the sufferers themselves, through a principle of self-love blinding them to the real causes, or by persons who fear they may, deservedly or undeservedly, come to the same pass, and thus, in pleading for pity to others, only ask it by anticipation for themselves. Even where a reduction of circumstances takes place through guiltless misfortune, it is the first duty of the individuals to adapt themselves at once to their new position—to lay themselves out for the best employment, *however humble*, which they have a feasible chance of reaching, or of managing successfully—and to reduce their wants, whatever may be the immediate hardship, to the standard of that new employment. Those who, after their misfortunes, continue to live as well as ever, if they only can obtain the means through credit, are guilty of a great crime, the punishment of which will sooner or later overtake them: they will then find that the original misfortune was nothing to the new ones which their imprudence has permitted to follow. Notwithstanding, however, all the evils threatened to him who will not labour, there are many persons who do not seem accessible to a sense of what reduced circumstances demand of them. With a meanness beyond all expression, they will keep up the *appearance of their former rank* at the expense of all its *real dignity*—will borrow, beg, and incur undischargable debt in all directions, and thus lay themselves open to the contempt and execration of thousands of individuals, rather than, by taking up the next best course of honest industry, make an open confession of their decayed circumstances, which, after all, it is ten chances to one the world is already acquainted with. Families thus sometimes live for years, in what appears a genteel manner—that is to say, occupy a good house, and generally wear decent clothes—and yet are maintained chiefly by the charity of their own original acquaintances, or by debt incurred without the least prospect or intention of payment; educating their children, too, for learned professions! which they can only accomplish by working upon the pity of all kinds of instructors; a system of mendicancy only differing from the most common that is practised, in so far as it is carried on under the respectable appearance of a desire of knowledge and of advancement in the world. In reality, all bounties that we accept from persons upon whom we have no claim, are of a mean character; for if it were established that the child of a poor person is entitled to gratuitous instruction, why not to any other of the advantages usually bought with money—and why are the honest and independent poor left without these advantages? No, no; there is no right or certain principle in the world, but that every one must labour for himself in the way his faculties and capital best admit of, taking of course all the chances of the particular walk of life which he thus assumes. If he do not thus labour, and accommodate himself to his reduced circumstances, then he and his family—no

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matter how they are connected, no matter how fashionable they were, and would still wish to be—are a drag upon society, and liable to be ranked among the most contemptible classes of spenders.

We sincerely wish that we could, by these observations, give a new turn to the minds of those persons who are reduced by misfortunes, yet who will not accommodate themselves to their reduced circumstances. Abstractly, there is nothing disgraceful in poverty. It may be, as it frequently has been, the lot of the most wealthy as well as the most dignified. And how noble is it for a man to combat such a misfortune!—how worthy of admiration is the spectacle of an honest and unfortunate individual bearing up under his griefs, and by his own manful exertions relieving himself from the difficulties which surround him!—how far superior, in the estimation of the right-thinking part of mankind, is such conduct to that of him who, coward-like, falls behind in the onward march of society, and suffers himself to be fed by the hand of charity, and trampled at last under foot! It behoves every one, more especially every head of a family, to bear these things in remembrance. As soon as misfortune and poverty overtake him, and when every creditable effort he has made to restore himself to his original situation has failed, let him lose no time in endeavouring to gain a subsistence by an employment below the standard he has been accustomed to. If the exercise of his genius fail, what hinders him from resorting to his physical capacities for support? It is no disparagement for the man who has all his days wielded a palette or a pen, to take up a pick-axe or a shovel: it is at least more respectable than to assume the tone and character of a "gentle beggar." At the same time, he will take care that his family act a part becoming their altered circumstances. Those who were born to be served must now serve others, for in servitude there is nothing degrading to right principle, and the rags of decayed gentility will be well exchanged for the substantial garments congenial to a lowly situation.

It is astonishing how soon a family reduced in circumstances will triumph over their misfortunes, and regain something like their former footing, by pursuing the course we point out. The industry they exert, when governed by intelligence, will in general gain a superiority over that kind of stolid labour which is alike destitute of ambition and genius. Besides, a previous good name has advantages which cannot be overlooked; many will most likely strive to assist those who seem so willing to help themselves, while they would neglect, or hold in contempt, those who wanted both the heart and the hand for exertion.

Our heart glows with no small degree of pride when we reflect on the conduct of many individuals, particularly mothers of families in Scotland, who, on a reduction of their circumstances by the death of their husbands, or otherwise, submit with resignation to their humiliated condition, and enter upon occupations more suited to their necessities than either their birth or their feelings. The virtuous struggles which many poor widowed gentlewomen thus make to rear their families, and render them useful members of society, are an honour not only to themselves, but to human nature. They are assuredly entitled to a place in the honoured ranks of *Makers*, and may be permitted to look down with pity on the widely-ramified, and frequently vicious, class of *Spenders*. And who will say that a blessing is withheld from the endeavours of all such meritorious individuals? Their names do not perish off the earth, but are held in esteem by all who know them; and their families, if endowed with the principles of integrity, self-denial, and industry, are almost sure of at length reaching

that exalted station in society, which, without having been purified by their trials, they would in all likelihood never have attained.

## SCOTTISH STREAMS.

### THE TWEED.

What beauties does Flora disclose!  
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!

CRAWFORD.

THE Vale through which the Tweed flows, and its accessory glens, comprehending four counties, form by far the most interesting portion of Scotland, in respect of poetical, if not also of historical association. This delightful region, which has been from time immemorial the subject and the birth-place of song, and almost every foot of which may be termed classic ground, is indeed the very Arcadia of Scotland. It is the land of Learmont and Thomson, of Leyden and Scott.

The Vale of Tweed, forming the south-eastern limit of the kingdom, comprises the greater part of the district called the Border, so justly celebrated for the martial character of its people. Ever forming, in the language of their most illustrious minstrel, "the first wave of the torrent" poured by our sovereigns into England, and kept perpetually in arms by the corresponding aggressions of their enemies, the inhabitants of this district necessarily exhibited in former times all the features of chivalry. The country at this latter day contains innumerable relics of military antiquities; and, the times of war having been here, as elsewhere, succeeded by "*piping times of peace*," it abounds no less in the remains of a romantic description of poetry, commemorating the marvellous events and deeds of noble daring, peculiar to that period of warlike glory.

Two centuries of domestic tranquillity have now permitted the plough-share of the husbandman and the pipe of the shepherd to take the place of sword and trumpet. The Vale of Tweed has in that time obtained as great distinction by the arts of peace, as it won of old in those of war. The culture of its plains has afforded an example of skill and success to the rest of Scotland; while the gentle lyrics of Cowdenknoves and Traquair, breathing the pure quiet spirit of pastoral love, have acquired a fame as good as the savage ballads of Otterbourne and Yarrow.

The Tweed is held as the fourth of Scottish rivers, ranking after the Tay, the Forth, and the Clyde. It is a river of greater fame than perhaps any of its brethren, on account of its dividing, at the lower part of its course, the two sections of the island. It performs this office for a space of only about twenty out of a hundred miles; but as this is the principal point of communication between the two kingdoms, and the boundary is nowhere else so distinct, it has been assumed by a licence of common speech as indicating the separation in general, so that "both sides of the Tweed" is a phrase equivalent to the names of the two kingdoms.

The upper sources of this beautiful and classic stream are found in the parish of Tweedsmuir, Peeblesshire, and in the lofty range of hilly territory, from the opposite side of which flow the slender rivulets which form the commencement of the rivers Annan and Clyde. A small fountain, usually considered "the head of Tweed," at the base of a hill called Tweed's Cross, and named *Tweed's Well*, gives forth a small rivulet, which flows in a north-easterly direction through the parish of Tweedsmuir, receiving on each side various tributary streams. Leaving this district, the Tweed proceeds as a boundary betwixt the parish of Glenholm and Drummelzier, and, after intersecting

Stabur parish at its north-eastern corner, joins its waters with the Lyne—a stream, by the way, equally entitled to be considered “the head of Tweed”—which rises on the borders of Edinburghshire, and is increased in its course by the Tarth, a sluggish little water, from the confines of Lanarkshire. From a north-easterly direction, the river, now greatly enlarged, bends to an easterly course, which it afterwards, with few exceptions, maintains.

Four miles below its junction with the Lyne, the Tweed receives the Major water, from a minor pastoral vale on its south bank. Here the banks of the stream become romantic and full of interest. The grounds rise with a rapid acclivity on either side, forming one of the chief passes betwixt the upper and lower country; and the ancient baronial ford, Nidpath Castle, once the residence of Simon Fraser, the distinguished Scottish patriot during the wars of Bruce, rises on the summit of a rocky knoll on the left bank of the stream. Sweeping round the base of this grey and romantic ruin, the Tweed, at the distance of a mile eastward, passes the neat little burgh town of Peebles, which is most agreeably situated on its north bank, in the midst of an amphitheatre of wild brown hills.

At Peebles, the Tweed receives the Eddleston water, and, at the distance of six miles farther to the east, is increased by the waters of the Leithen on its left, and those of the Quair on its right bank, both pretty sparkling rivulets, and proceeding out of vales consecrated by the Scottish muse. The Tweed soon after enters Selkirkshire, and for some miles is lost amidst a wild hilly district, from which it emerges at the Yair, whose banks have been sung by Thomson. Leaving the inclosures of Yair, the Tweed approaches the vale of Melrose, a rich and flat piece of territory, lying like a luxuriant garden in the midst of a wilderness, ornamented with the venerable ruins of Melrose Abbey, and on the south overhung by the dark towering peaks of the Eildons—the *Trinonium* of Roman history.

In entering the vale of Melrose, the Tweed is joined on the right by the Etrick (previously augmented by the Yarrow), and next, on the left, by Gala Water, a river likewise famed in Scottish song, and now giving its name to Galashiels, a modern town on its banks, and the seat of an industrious and intelligent population. A short way above the confluence of the Gala with the Tweed, stands Abbotsford, half shrouded in the dark masses of plantations which surround it. Before leaving the pleasant and sunny vale of Melrose, the Tweed receives the Leader, from the Vale of Lauderdale, on its left bank. The country here becomes exquisitely beautiful, and the river passing on the left the deep shades of Dryburgh, amidst which repose the ashes of the great northern minstrel and novelist, proceeds for several miles without receiving any tributary of note till it approaches Kelso. Here, on passing on the right the ruins of the ancient castle of Roxburgh, famed in legend and history, the Tweed receives the waters of the Teviot, the largest of all its tributaries, and which almost doubles it in size.

Passing Kelso—one of the very handsomest Scottish inland towns, and situated on the left bank of the stream, which is crossed here by a bridge of noble proportions—the Tweed flows majestically onwards, receiving, on its left bank, the small river Eden, and soon after enters the beautiful district of the Merse, or lower division of Berwickshire, which it separates from Northumberland on the south. At Coldstream it receives the Leet on the Scottish side; and two or three miles farther down, on the English side, it is increased by the torpid waters of the Till, a riverlet adjacent to the fatal field of Flodden, which may be now reached from the Scottish side of Tweed, by means of the stone bridge at Coldstream. Some miles farther on, it receives the Whitadder, a large stream, previously augmented by the Blackadder; and shortly afterwards, passing the ancient town of Berwick on its left, its waters are emitted into the German Ocean.

It is computed that the Tweed, from its sources to the ocean, a distance of ninety miles, drains a superficies of 1870 square miles; but in no part of its course, from the quick flow of its current, is it fit for purposes of navigation. It is, however, ferried in many places by boats, and affords, for considerable distances, a sufficiency of water for the sailing of *trawls*, or small flat vessels, used in salmon fishing. Being thus undisturbed by traffic on its surface, and unadulterated by the liquid refuse of manufactories, as well as possessing, in general, a clean gravelly bottom, its waters are remarkably clear and sparkling in appearance. For a long period of time, the Tweed was crossed by only two bridges, the one at Berwick and the other at Peebles; but it has now several stone bridges, besides one of wood at Innerleithen, and three of the chain construction, all of which are of great service to the district, and serve to make the union of the two countries on the banks of the river more complete.

The lengthened district through which the Tweed flows in its course to the ocean, is for the greater part of a pleasing sylvan character, the hills being never far from its banks, and the eminences and lower grounds frequently clothed by woods and plantations, sometimes exhibiting the stunted remains of “the forest,” dedicated to the chase by the Scottish monarchs, and at other times showing grassy swelling hills, devoted to the pasturing of thousands of sheep.

The Tweed and its tributaries have been long the resort of the trout and salmon fisher, every streamlet abounding in these objects of sport to the angler. We believe, however, that in recent times the waters have been fished to such an extent, and not by the most legitimate means of capture, as to be in a great measure harried of its finny tribes. An excellent road, at any rate, pursues the whole line of the river on its left bank, and the angler will find every species of accommodation for his comfort.

The Vale of Tweed being essentially of a pastoral and agricultural character, there are nowhere, of course, any of those overgrown masses of population, which, however suitable to the views of the political economist, are generally supposed to be so little conducive to the promotion of private virtue. The district makes up in the quality of its population what it wants in number. Its inhabitants are alike distinguished by a primeval simplicity of manners, and by an attention to the decencies of domestic life, which we shall hardly find so exquisitely combined in districts where superior natural advantages have given occasion to greater industry and wealth. The Merse, the principal division of country on the river, is universally allowed to be the most fertile and the best cultivated part of Scotland; the place where nature has been kindest, and the husbandman most inclined to cultivate her good graces. To the eye of a traveller, it seems rather a portion of rich and lovely England than of this “land of mountain and flood.” It is tinged, as it were, with the geniality of the country to which it adjoins. It possesses the glorious hedgerows of England in the fullest perfection, with the lines of trees between; making each field resemble a splendid picture deeply and doubly framed. Here also are to be seen houses built with less regard to the harsh climate of Scotland, than those farther north. The honeysuckle and eglantine luxuriate around slim cottages and villas, whose large bow-windows, presented towards “the sweet south”—a thing to be seen nowhere else in Scotland—give assurance that there is here a greater sum total of summer delights than of winter discomfort. The sight of such beautiful and well-appointed residences fully justifies the honeymoon taste of the Scottish poet, who says to his mistress,

“We’ll lodge in some village on Tweed.”

But the general aspect of the Merse is worth a thousand of its details, pleasing and admirable as they are; and I do not know a finer sight in Scotland than that which is to be obtained of this luxuriant region, from some point on the Lammermuir or Eildon hills; especially on a fine July day, when the vast umbrageous plain is covered by a flood of glowing light, and the living spirit of repose seems to breathe throughout the far green retreats in the dazzling incense of the summer glim.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

### THE LION.

THE usual length of the lion, from the nose to the tail, is about six feet, and the tail itself upwards of three feet, ending in a tuft of blackish hair, and his height at the shoulders upwards of three feet. The general colour of the fur is tawny, paler below the belly. The legs are thick, short, and very strong; the feet large and spreading; the claws are capable of being drawn back, and are not contained in sheaths, but in the hollows between the toes, which are provided by nature for their reception, by the particular articulation of the last joint. The lion may at once be distinguished from all his congeners, by having a long and flowing mane, which rises in the middle of the forehead, and extends backwards over the shoulders, descending on each side of his neck and face. Except in youth, the skin of the lion never exhibits the least appearance of spots or stripes.

When we analyze the moral and intellectual faculties of the lion, it will be found that he manifests the same deceitful and vindictive passions as the whole of his congeners. The generosity and grandeur of his character, which has been handed down to us from remote ages, and which the fascinating pens of Buffon and other writers have depicted in such glowing and powerful language, may be looked upon as a series of beautiful and figurative fictions. His magnanimous forbearance and noble generosity have been greatly over-coloured. His personal history and disposition will be best gathered from the following anecdotes:—

The courage of the lion is proverbial, which alone can be attributed to elevation of sentiment, and the consciousness of his own physical powers, finding that there is no other animal of the forest who singly can overcome him. Attached by nature to the arid plains of Africa and Asia, he ranges uncontrolled, making the timid and defenceless antelope, and all the other beasts of the forest, an easy prey. “His pliable, agile, and sinewy frame, together with the resistless and impetuous fury of his attacks, enable him to overcome even the massive bulk of the elephant, rhino-

ceros, and buffalo. Roving in the boundless desert, the extensive plains, or in the shade of the vast jungles of his native country, he holds despotic sway, and is well deserving the title of the king of beasts. But contrast him in the neighbourhood of large towns and populous districts, and it will be seen that his fortitude and conscious superiority are greatly modified; for in these situations he yields to the power of man, skulking only in the deepest recesses of extensive jungles, or in the impenetrable depths of mighty forests, seeking to overcome his unwary prey, by lying in ambush, and seizing them when they little expect his attacks. To the consciousness of a want of capacity to overcome the lords of creation, must in a great measure be attributed his docility under captivity; and to his native dignity of aspect he is indebted for the general impression mankind have formed of his nobleness of character and amiability of disposition.”

The lion is destined by nature to subsist on animal food alone, and has been invested with physical energies, constructed on principles which give him, in an astonishing degree, the power of destroying animal life. His head is particularly large; his jaws have immense strength, and his shoulders and chest have a depth far exceeding all other animals of his size.

When in captivity, the lion is fed but once a-day, and is generally allowed from eight to nine pounds of beef at a meal, exclusive of bones. He generally seizes his food with avidity, instantly tears it to pieces with his claws, and voraciously devours it, contrary to the practice of those in a state of nature.

Africa seems to be the primitive country of the lion, for there he arrives at greatest strength and magnitude. He differs from the Asiatic lion, principally in being of a larger size, more graceful in his form, and in being darker in the colour, and the mane much less. But in Africa there are two varieties of this quadruped, which the settlers have long distinguished by the appellation of the black lion, having a somewhat darker colour, and the mane blackish, in contradistinction to the one which is of a pale colour all over. The black lion is considered the more ferocious of the two if he is pressed by hunger, and is said to be less scrupulous in attacking man than the other. This animal is sometimes of the astonishing size of nearly eight feet from the nose to the insertion of the tail, and the tail itself measuring four feet.

Like all his congeners, the lion sets out on his predatory excursions during the night; and his eyes are so formed, that nature seems to have designed him for a nocturnal animal, being constructed similar to those of the cat, so that the full glare of the vertical sun must be not only troublesome, but even painful to him: it is a knowledge of this which prompts travellers during the night to light fires, and keep them blazing, in order to scare away these dangerous intruders.

Frejus, in his “Relation of a Voyage made into Mauritania,” gives a singular anecdote of a lion, which, he says, was related to him in that country by very credible persons. About the years 1614 or 1615, two Christian slaves at Morocco made their escape, travelling by night, and hiding themselves in the tops of trees during the day, their Arab pursuers frequently passing by them. One night, while pursuing their journey, they were much astonished and alarmed to see a great lion close behind them, who walked when they walked, and stood still when they stood. Thinking this a safe conduct sent them by Providence, they took courage, and travelled in the day-time in company with the lion. The horsemen who had been sent in pursuit, came up, and would have seized upon them, but the lion interposed, and they were suffered to pass on. Every day these poor fugitives met with some of the human race, who wanted to seize them, but the lion was their protector until they reached the sea-coast in safety, when he left them.

There was in the menagerie at Brussels a large lion, called Danco, whose den happened to require some repairs. The keeper brought a carpenter to mend it; but when the workman saw the lion, he started back with terror. The keeper entered the animal's cage, and led him to the upper part of it, while the lower part was refitting. The keeper then amused himself for some time playing with the lion; and being wearied, he soon fell into a sound sleep. The carpenter having full reliance on the vigilance of the keeper, pursued his work with rapidity; and when he had finished, he called him to see that the repair was to his mind. The keeper made no answer. Having repeatedly called in vain, he began to feel alarm for his situation, and he resolved to go to the upper part of the cage, where, looking through the railing, he saw the lion and the keeper sleeping side by side. From the impulse of the moment, the astonished carpenter uttered a loud cry; the lion, awakened and surprised by the sudden yell, started on his feet, and stared at the mechanic with an eye of fury, and then, placing his paw on the breast of his keeper, lay down to repose again. At length the keeper was awakened by some of the attendants, but did not appear the least apprehensive for his own safety, but shook the lion by the paw, and then quietly led him to his former residence.

A lion, which the French at Fort St. Louis in Africa were about to send to Paris, on account of his great beauty, having fallen sick before the departure of the vessel which was to convey him to Europe, was loosed from his chain, and carried into an open area. M. Compagnon, author of “An Account of a Journey



to Bambuk," having returned home from hunting, found this animal in a very exhausted state, and out of compassion poured a small quantity of milk down his throat, whereby the lion was greatly refreshed, and soon after recovered his perfect health. From that time, the lion was so tame, and acquired so great an attachment for his benefactor, that he ate from his hand, and followed him about every where like a dog, with nothing to confine him but a slender string tied round his neck.

M. Felix, the keeper of the animals at Paris, in the year 1808, brought two lions, a male and female, to the Jardin des Plantes. About the beginning of the following June, he was taken ill, and was unable to attend the lions; another person, therefore, was under the necessity of performing this duty. The male, sad and solitary, remained from that moment constantly seated at the end of his cage, and refused to receive food from the stranger, whose presence was hateful to him, and whom he often menaced by bellowing. The company even of the female seemed now to displease him, and he paid no attention to her. The uneasiness of the animal afforded a belief that he was really ill; but he was so irritable, that no one dared to approach him. At length Felix recovered, and, with the intention to surprise the lion, he crawled softly to the cage, and showed only his face between the bars. The lion in a moment made a bound, leaped against the bars, patted him with its paws, licked his hands and face, and trembled with pleasure. The female also ran to him, but the lion drove her back, and seemed angry, and a quarrel was about to take place; but Felix entered the cage to pacify them. He caressed them by turns, and was afterwards frequently seen between them. He had so great a command over these animals, that, whenever he wished them to separate and retire to their cages, he had only to give the order. When he had a desire that they should lie down and show strangers their paws or throats, on the least sign they would lie on their backs, hold up their paws one after another, and open their throats.

The appearance of the lion has become well known in this country, by the public exhibition of various admirable specimens in a living state.

#### A STORY OF JAMAICA.

FOR more than a fortnight after my arrival in Jamaica, my energies, mental as well as corporeal, were literally prostrated by the relaxing effect of the climate. After having, with great exertion, got myself appalled in the morning, in my light garments of linen and gingham, my occupation for the remainder of the day consisted in dragging myself, at intervals, from the sofa in the outer hall, across the slippery polished wooden floor (there are no carpets in Jamaica), to where the water-jar stood in the draught of the open verandah, in order to refresh myself with its contents.

It was not until a few weeks after landing that I was able to look about me. The place of my residence was high up in the interior, near the ridge of the Blue Mountains. My host, a countryman of my own, was proprietor of a thriving coffee plantation, and a gang (to suit my language to the subject) of fifty stout negroes, exclusive of women and children. After I had gathered strength enough, my host, in order to inure me somewhat to the climate, was wont, almost daily, to lead me short excursions on foot to the neighbouring estates and plantations (by which names the sugar and coffee farms are distinguished), with the proprietors or overseers of which we generally remained until the cool of the evening. Afterwards, we made shorter excursions on horseback. On one occasion, in pursuance of an arrangement made overnight, we started at the very first glimpse of day-light, for the purpose of riding about fifteen miles across the country to the property of a gentleman with whom we intended to remain for a few days. We were on horseback, and attended by an active young negro, my friend's body servant, seated on a mule, with our portmanteau before him. It was the coolest morning I had yet felt in Jamaica. The land-breeze was blowing strong and gusty, and showered down on us the heavy night-dews from the prickly lime-trees under which we rode, and not unfrequently we got a buffet from some of the over-ripe golden and perfumed fruit itself. Far down in the precipitous gullies, along the dizzy edge of which our road for the most part lay, and where the shades of night still rested, the yet unextinguished lamps of the fire-flies were still to be seen; whilst, in the more open parts of the pathway, the speckled lizards were frisking about in thousands.

It was indeed a delightful morning, and the only drawback to my enjoyment of it arose from the frightful nature of the roads during our journey, in regard to which, I suspect the denizens of Great Britain to be for the most part in a lamentable state of ignorance—supposing, as they seem to do, that Jamaica is one level expanse of fertile plains; whereas it is in truth

from one end to the other little else than a succession of precipitous mountains, and glens of immense depth, fully rivaling in many places, if not surpassing, the most rugged and sublime scenery which characterises our own Scotch Highlands. It thus happens that the traveller's place of destination, which, were it possible to take a straightforward or bird's-flight path to it, would not exceed three or four miles' distance, is, by the process of winding down and re-ascending the gorges of the mountains, often protracted to above twenty. The roads themselves, cut out of the sides of the hills, are seldom broad enough to admit of more than one wayfarer passing along at a time; so that when two, coming from opposite directions, happen to meet, one must draw close in to the side of the bank, and stand stock-still, while the other passes forward; the almost inevitable consequence of any dispute as to the point of precedence on these occasions (and such quarrels repeatedly happen betwixt the negroes), being, that the horse or mule of one or other of the parties, and sometimes the riders or drivers themselves, are hurled into the gulf below. These narrow tracks, too, are frequently entirely washed away in many places, by the violent rains that rush down from the hills, so that travelling is often attended with no small degree of danger. This happened to be the case on the morning I now speak of; and constitutionally nervous as I was, and still am—a disease then much heightened by the relaxed state of my system—I must confess that, during my various excursions in the interior, I was repeatedly betrayed into an apparent timorousness of character, which gained me but little credit with the fearless planters, whom practice had rendered callous to all such qualms. On approaching such precipitous passes, my practice—a dangerous one, no doubt, but which I felt it absolutely necessary to adopt—was, instead of checking my horse, like my companions, to his most cautious and slowest pace, to get before them, and ride on as quickly as I could, until, by arriving at the next patch of level ground, I experienced some relief from my giddy sensations.

It was after accomplishing a feat of this kind, and when I had come to a fine level verdant bank, that sloped gradually down to a stream of some magnitude, that, with an ejaculation of thankfulness, I laid the reins on my horse's neck, and, lifting my panama from my head, wiped the perspiration from my neck and face. The wearied animal stopped of his own accord, and began feeding on the long guinea-grass that grew rank and wild about the road; and as my friend was some distance behind me, I had leisure for observation. The natural features of the place, indeed, were sufficient to excite interest and attention. High up the bank, the projecting hill, round the side of which I had just passed, came to an abrupt termination, presenting a flat, unbroken, perpendicular surface of solid rock. At a considerable distance below it, and nearer to where I was, lay an immense block of the same kind of stone, and which, but for its enormous size and the distance at which it lay from it, I would have supposed to have been at one time part of the mountain itself. Before and around it were all the appearances of there having been at one time a habitation of some consequence near the spot, although there was now no vestige of a human dwelling to be seen. Between the isolated rock and the end of the mountain appeared the remains of an orchard of tamarind and mango-trees, the latter bearing that superior kind of fruit denominated by the natives No. 11; whilst, from the rock almost down to the road where I was standing, thousands of shadocks and oranges were hanging ripe and untouched upon the loaded branches. Around the whole ran a double row of cocoa-nut trees, forming three sides of a square, the fourth towards myself being open, whose great size betokened them ancient tenants of the soil. From the contour of the whole place, indeed, the idea at once suggested itself to me, that, where the huge piece of rock lay, a human abode ought to have been smiling, with the vines and pomegranates clustering around the green verandahs. I was still engaged in this speculative rumination, when my friend, with his attendant Phillidore, rode up; but instead of greeting me with his usual hearty laugh at my cowardice, as he used to term it, he requested me, with an unusual degree of seriousness, to "ride on."

"Oh, for any sake," I replied, "let us roost a while ere we commence another mid-air flight, and while we are on something like a road!"

"Move on, however, a little way—you will oblige me."

The tone in which he spoke this made me turn round and inquire anxiously if he were well.

"Perfectly—perfectly; but (here he lowered his voice) I never can pass this place without shuddering. Ride on—I will tell you the cause."

I rode forward, accordingly, as he desired me, until, after turning an angle of the hill, where the road became broader, he came up abreast of me, and said,

"I saw you were looking at that great piece of rock lying by itself on the slope of the bank. Did you observe any appearance of a human abode about it?"

"None," I answered, "unless its eligible site for one, and the convenient arrangement of the trees and fences about it; and I was just thinking, if the property were mine, I would soon set about blowing the rock to pieces, and constructing a domicile in its stead."

"I believe you would do no such thing," observed my friend, "did you know all about that place. Will

you believe it, that, on the spot where that huge piece of stone now lies, a fine house once stood, and that it, with all its inmates, about a dozen in number, were in one moment buried under the mass?"

"Can it be possible! When or how did this happen?"

"I can tell you little about it, further than what I have gathered from the disjointed traditional stories in the neighbourhood concerning the catastrophe. People are unwilling to talk of it hereabouts, notwithstanding its having happened so many years ago."

"The particulars, if you please," said I.

"Why, the story runs thus:—The house and property formerly belonged to a countryman of our own, who had amassed great wealth. His family consisted of only one daughter, a fine accomplished young woman, who had been educated in England. When he began to get old and infirm, he took a young Portuguese lad of vicious propensities into his employment, as book-keeper, or negro attendant on his property, who, it is said, basely contrived to insinuate himself into the affections of the old man's daughter. The grief and rage of the father on discovering this were, of course, excessive, and he turned the Portuguese out of doors. The wretch, however, lingered about the property, and at last succeeded in bribing one of the negroes in the house to give his master poison, which soon carried the old man off. The daughter, little suspecting the cause of her father's death, and still retaining her affection for her betrayer, no sooner became her own mistress than she married him. An accidental circumstance, however, soon after discovered to her the murderous transaction, whereupon she ordered him to leave her presence for ever, threatening, if he did not do so, to give him up to punishment. The consequence was, that the ruffian, without scruple, took the same means of ridding himself of the daughter which he had done with the father, and thus became sole proprietor of the property. By his unfortunate wife he had a son; and after her death, he took a woman of his own nation to be his housekeeper, by whom he had a large family of sons and daughters. As they grew up, each seemed to strive to excel the other in all sorts of vice and villany; but as the parent had the precedence in years, he likewise kept the precedence in crime.

The deeds which I have heard narrated as having been transacted in that family, are beyond every thing horrible and revolting. Amongst many other acts of unheard-of cruelty, it is said, that, either from motives of fear or revenge, he lashed the poor ignorant negro whom he had formerly instigated to poison his old master, until he literally tore the flesh from his bones, and in that state tied him up to a tree near his house until the ants devoured him! At last," continued my friend, "a quarrel broke out between the criminal parent and his scarcely less criminal son—the eldest—and the latter was compelled to flee from the house to escape his father's vengeance. He went over to Carthage, whence he contrived to open a correspondence with his stepmother, who was now experiencing all manner of brutal treatment from her lord and master, whose death it was at length concerted between them to perpetrate. The precautions of the old man, however, against the usual and more convenient mode of poisoning, precluded the possibility of their accomplishing it in that manner; and as they were afraid, in case of discovery, to seek the assistance of any of the negroes to execute it in a more violent way, it was ultimately agreed on between them that the son should murder the father with his own hand. He accordingly returned to Jamaica with an accomplice to whom he communicated his fell purpose; and having procured horses at Montego Bay, rode across the country until within a mile or two of his father's house. He then waited in the bush until it was dark, when, directing his companion to remain with the horses in readiness until his return, he proceeded on his diabolical errand. Whether he actually accomplished it, could not be ascertained, though it is almost certain that he must have gained admission to the house, from the circumstance of his never being more seen or heard of. About midnight, the inhabitants of the neighbouring properties were startled by a frightful shock, not at all resembling that of an earthquake; and the howling and screaming of the negroes soon told that some dreadful calamity had happened. On proceeding to the spot we have just passed, you may conceive their feelings of awe and horror on finding the place where that den of crime and infamy formerly stood, occupied only by a huge limb of the mountain, which had buried beneath it in a moment, and for ever, every vestige of the house and its guilty inmates. As the character of that family of crime had been long notorious, it appeared as if the Almighty had been provoked to extinguish them at once from the face of creation, and the rock, on that account, was thereafter appropriately denominated 'JUDGMENT CLIFF.'"

"It was certainly a singular and striking incident," I observed, after my friend had concluded his narrative; "but there is another circumstance much less preternatural, which seems rather remarkable: how could such crimes as you have stated to have been perpetrated by this family, be allowed to pass unpunished by the arm of the law?"

"You must recollect," was the reply, "that our criminal code was neither so comprehensive nor so strictly enforced then as now; besides, the stories circulated about these wretches could only have been

proved by the testimony of the negroes, whose evidence, were we to admit in their present ignorant and darkened condition, no white man's life would be safe."

"Might not education," I rejoined, "render them in time worthy of freedom?"

"For mercy's sake do not broach that interminable topic now! Ride on—see, the thunder cloud is creeping down Portland-gap; we'll get a ducking if we don't make haste;" and so terminated our conversation.

#### FAVOURITISM IN FAMILIES.

PARENTAL affection, with all its amiableness, and its high utility, is liable to some unhappy weaknesses, which often lead to fatal and distressing results. When indulged to an extravagant degree, without being tempered by that judicious severity which is required to keep in check the wayward and imperfect understandings of children, it completely mars their education, or, to use a common and expressive phrase, *spoils* them. When indulged partially among the various members of a family, its effects are hardly less fatal, while its criminality is seldom attended with the same excuse.

The first of these faults is fortunately rare; otherwise the native wickedness of the human heart would not be nearly so much repressed in grown society as it is. But the more guilty, though less fatal weakness, of showing an undue favour to a part of a family, to the exclusion of the rest, is much more common, if indeed it may not be said to pervade, more or less, the bosom of every existing parent. It requires little effort to show that this is one of the most cruel and unreasonable of all vices—though, seated as it is amidst the unapproachable mysteries of the heart, there may be more difficulty in administering to it even a slight degree of correction. External individuals are generally surprised to find that the preference of the parents, where it exists, is not occasioned by any superior merit or more engaging appearance in its objects, but more frequently seems to arise from the very absence of those qualifications. There may, it is true, be cause for the preference, where its object or objects are less favoured by nature than the rest; nay, humanity demands, in such cases, that the affections of the parents should be called forth in larger measure, to compensate, as far as possible, for the deficiencies of nature. But the preference often exists where there is inferior temper and character, without any peculiarity of organization to render it excusable. Love is expended where there is no love in return—where the disposition, on the contrary, is so harsh and cold, that Love, like the bird sent out by Noah, cannot find in it whereon to place his foot—while, on the other hand, children of docile and affectionate character, who might amply repay the fondness and care of a parent, are neglected. There is something so irrational, as well as so unjust, in all this, that observers are lost in astonishment at the blindness which may accompany a passion, in general the most praiseworthy, and beautiful to look upon, of all which animate our nature.

There would be little use in thus adverting to a weakness so well known, and so generally reprehended, where it occurs, if we had not some hope of awakening the consciences of many who have no chance of otherwise being informed of their error. We recollect a simple but touching anecdote, which we encountered many years ago in the course of our juvenile reading, and which may perhaps, by being revived here, stir the souls of a few, to whom reasoning on such a subject might be useless. A lady of rank had two sons, from six to eight years of age, named John and Frederick, the former of whom she doted on with an extravagant degree of fondness, while she carried her neglect and contempt to as great an extreme towards his brother. John was in the habit of calling exclusively "My son," as if she had deemed him alone entitled to that endearing appellation. As for Frederick, though he was a child of the best dispositions, and every way worthy of her affection, she held him in such contempt and detestation, as sometimes to scream when he came into her presence, and desire "that odious thing" to be taken out of her sight. All this was the more strange, as John did not seem to regard her with any remarkable degree of affection, but, on the contrary, would sometimes repel her caresses, as more troublesome than agreeable to him, and, in general, rather shunned than sought her com-

pany. One day, when she was in bed very seriously indisposed, she heard the door opened, and a young foot enter the apartment. Having longed exceedingly all the morning to see her favourite child, who, instead of inquiring for her, had been amusing himself out of doors, she now supposed that this must be he, and accordingly exclaimed, in a voice of passionate tenderness and delight, "My son, is it you?" "No, mamma," was the timid answer returned to her inquiry, "it is only Frederick." The poor child had crept, with the longings of undesired affection, to his mother's chamber, expecting to meet some one who could inform him how she was; and, now, terror-struck lest her disappointment at finding him where she expected his more beloved brother, would draw forth her anger, and perhaps increase her illness, he was, after giving the above reply, about to leave the room. The mother, however, was touched by the unconscious accusation contained in her child's words, and, springing from the bed, she clasped him in her arms with an ardour as extreme as her former coldness, assuring him, with tears of penitence and affection, that he too was her son, and never again should be neglected. From that time forward, she was never observed to manifest the least partiality for either of her children.

If this story be true—which it has all the appearance of being—it proves that the reason, when once effectually roused upon this subject, has the power of overcoming the passion which inspires parents with these erroneous attachments. We, therefore, call upon all parents, at this very moment, to take themselves to task, and, if they be self-convicted of any undue preference of one child over another, let them exert their understandings to put down the unjust dictates of their feelings, and endeavour to equalise their affections over the whole of those who have a claim upon them. An injustice towards any individual in the little flock of which they have been made the keepers, is one of the most flagrant cruelties, and one of the most dangerous errors, that can be committed. It is the former, because no cruelty can be so shameful as that which is exercised upon a creature which neither provokes nor can resent it. It is the latter, because it is apt to derange all the best objects which we are enjoined to hold in view in the culture of youth, and thus occasion a serious damage to the general interest.

#### BOWED JOSEPH.\*

THE mobs of Edinburgh have ever been celebrated as among the fiercest in Europe. The one which accomplished the death of Porteous, as narrated in the tale of the Heart of Mid-Lothian, was a most surprising instance of popular vengeance, almost surpassing the bounds of belief; though it must sink considerably in our admiration, when we reflect upon the power and ferocity which at all periods have characterised the actions of this monstrous and danger-fraught collective. The time has been when, in the words of the old song, "All Edinburgh" would "rise by thousands three," and present such a strength to the legal authorities that all opposition to their capricious will would be in vain. In the younger days of many now living, even the boys of the High School and of Heriot's Hospital could erect themselves into a formidable body, equally resistless and indomitable. It is a fact, ludicrous enough too, that when the lads of these different schools were engaged in any of those squabbles, formerly so frequent and fatal, between them, they always showed a singular degree of political sagacity when assailed by the town-guard, in immediately joining their strengths, and combining against the common foe, when for the most part they succeeded in driving them from the scene of action. When such was the power of boys and striplings in this ill-protected city, and such the disorderliness of holiday assemblies, there is little left for wonder at the ravages committed by a mob formed of adults, actuated by violent feelings of jealousy, bigotry, and revenge.

Of this uncontrollable omnipotence of the populace, the annals of Edinburgh present many fearful records. At the various periods of the reformation and the revolution, the chapel of Roslin was destroyed by a mob, whose purpose neither cooled nor evaporated in traversing a distance of eight miles. James the Sixth was besieged and threatened in his courts, and in the midst of his parliaments, by a rabble of mechanics, who, but for the stout walls of the Tolbooth, might perhaps have taken his life. The fine chapel of Holyrood House was pillaged of not only its furniture and other valuables, but also of the still more sacred bones which lay within its precincts, by a mob which rose at the revolution, and did such deeds of violence and rapine as fanaticism and ignorance alone could have excited. At the unfortunate issue of the Dover expedition, at the execution of Captain Green, at the Union, and at many other events of less importance, the populace of Edinburgh distinguished themselves by insurrection and acts of outrage, such as have alone found parallels, perhaps, in the various transactions of the French revolution. Even so late as 1812, there happened a foray of a most appalling nature: the sports of an occasion of rejoicing were converted into scenes of frightful riot, unexampled as they were unlooked

for. The fatal melancholy catastrophe of this event had, however, the good effect of quenching the spirit of licentiousness and blackguardism in the Edinburgh youth, and finally undermined that system of unity and promptitude in action and in council, by which its mobs had so often triumphed in their terrible resolutions.

In this fierce democracy, there once arose a mighty leader, who contrived, by means of great boldness, sagacity, and other personal merits, to subject the rabble to his will, and to elect himself dictator of all its motives and exploits. The person who thus found means to collect all the monstrous heads of the hydra within the grand grasp of his command, was a little decrepit being, about four feet high, almost deprived of legs, and otherwise deformed. His name was JOSEPH SMITH, or more commonly "BOWED JOSEPH;" he lived in Leith Wynd, and his trade as a private citizen was a "Buff-Belt-Maker." This singular being, low, miserable, and contemptible as he appeared, might be said to have had at one time the complete command of the metropolis of Scotland. Whenever any transaction took place in the Town Council which Joseph considered to be of very improper tendency; whenever meal rose to whatever Joseph considered to be an improper price; whenever any affair in the city which did not exactly accord with Joseph's idea of right and wrong—in short, "When they were a gude bairns," this hero could, in the course of an hour, collect a mob of ten thousand persons, all alike ready to execute his commands, or to disperse at his bidding. For this purpose he is said to have employed a drum; and never surely had a "fiery cross" of the Highland chieftain such an effect upon the warlike devotion of his clan, as "Bowed Joseph's drum" had upon the tinder spirits of the Edinburgh rabble. The "lazy corner" was a lazy corner no longer as he marched along—the *town rats*, as they peeped forth like old cautious snails from their Patmos in the High Street, drew in their horns and shut their door, as he approached—the West Bow ceased to clink as he descended. It seemed to be their enthusiasm to obey him in every order—whether to sack a granary, break the windows of an offensive magistrate, or to besiege the town council in their chamber. With all this absolute dominion over the affections and obedience of the mob, it is to be recorded to the honour of Bowed Joseph, that however irregular the nature of his authority, he never in any of his actions could be said to have transgressed the bounds of propriety. With great natural sagacity, he possessed a clear and quick-sighted faculty of judgment. And the real philanthropy of his disposition was not less remarkable than his other singular qualities. He was, in short, an advocate for *fair play*, as he called it, in every thing. Fair play alone was the object of his government, and nothing else.

The following interesting anecdote is handed down concerning Bowed Joseph, which proves his strong love of justice, as well as the humanity of his heart. A poor man in the Pleasance, from certain untoward circumstances, found it impossible to pay his rent at Martinmas; and his hard-hearted landlord, refusing a portion of the same with a forlorn promise of the remainder being soon paid, sold off the whole effects of the tenant, and threw him, with a family of six children, in the most miserable condition upon the wide world. The unfortunate man, in a fit of despair, immediately put an end to his existence, by which the family were only rendered still more destitute. Bowed Joseph, however, did not long remain ignorant of the case. As soon as the affair became generally known throughout the city, he shouldered on his drum, and after half an hour's beating through the streets, found himself followed by a mob of ten thousand people. With this enormous army he marched to an open space of ground, now almost covered by Eldin Street, named in former times Thomson's Park, where, mounted on the shoulders of six of his lieutenant-generals, he harangued them in the true "Cambyes vein," concerning the flagrant and fatal proceeding for the redress of which they were assembled. He concluded by directing his men to seek the premises of the cruel landlord; and as his house lay directly opposite the spot in the Pleasance, there was no time lost in executing his orders. The mob entered, and seized upon every article of furniture that could be found, and in ten minutes the whole was packed in the park. Joseph set fire to them with his own hands, though the magistrates stood by with a guard of soldiers, and entreated him to desist. The eight-day clock is said to have struck twelve just as it was consigned to the flames. When such was the strength and organization of an Edinburgh mob so late as the year 1780, we need scarcely be surprised at the instance on which the tale of the Heart of Mid-Lothian is founded, happening, as it did, at a much earlier period, and when the people were prompted to their terrible purpose by the sternest feelings of personal revenge.

In the exercise of his perilous office, it does not appear that Bowed Joseph ever drew down the vengeance of the more lawfully constituted authorities of the land. He was, on the contrary, in some degree countenanced by the magistrates of the city, who frequently sent for him to the council chamber, in cases of emergency, to consult him on the best means to be adopted for appeasing and dispersing the mob. On an occasion of this moment, he was accustomed to look very large and consequential. With one hand carelessly applied

\* It will be observed, that the above conversation took place before above evidence was rendered admissible in the colonies.

\* The matter of this article appeared originally in "The Traditions of Edinburgh," and "Illustrations of the Author of Waverley," by Robert Chambers.



to his side, and the other banged resolutely down upon the table, and with as much majesty as four feet, and a beard of as many weeks old, could assume, and with as much turbulence in his fiery little eye as if he was himself a mob, he would stand before them pleading the cause of his compeers, or directing the trembling council to the most expedient method of assuaging their fury. The dismissal of a mob, on these occasions, was usually accomplished at the expense of a few hogheads of ale, broached on the Calton Hill, and by the subsequent order of their decrepit general, expressed in the simple words, "disperse, my lads!"

Having for many years exercised an unlimited dominion over the affections of the rabble, "Bowed Joseph" met his death at last, in a manner most unworthy of his character and great reputation. He fell from the top of a Leith coach in a state of intoxication, and broke his neck, which caused instantaneous death. He had been at the Leith races, and was on his return to Edinburgh when the accident took place; and his skeleton has the honour of being preserved in the anatomical class-room of the College of Edinburgh. Though fifty years have elapsed since his decease, Bowed Joseph is not yet forgotten in the town where he governed; for many an old man in Paul's Work and Leith Wynd will call his grandchildren about him of a king's birth eve, and tell them of the immortal achievements of his illustrious contemporary, General Joseph Smith.

An Edinburgh mob, although it may supply excellent subjects for tales, in all its characteristic fierceness and insubordination, is now a matter of mere antiquity. In the present day, the working classes of Edinburgh, from whom it may be supposed the principal materials of the mobs used to be draughted, are in the highest degree orderly, both in private conduct and in their public appearances in bodies. The printing-press, the schoolmaster, and that general improvement of manners which now prevails, have entirely altered the character of the populace, and any mischief now committed through public uproar is seen to arise not from the adult, but the juvenile and neglected portion of the community.

#### ORACLES AND MYSTERIES.

MANKIND have been the victims of oracles, and mysteries, and pretended conjurers, and what they have chosen to call "wise men," ever since the beginning of time. Not contented with deriving instruction from the great volume of Nature spread out before us, and sufficiently capable, if rightly interpreted, to train the mind to wisdom, our poor infatuated race has too frequently been led to seek knowledge in the vain practice of astrology, divination, and other tricks and absurdities, now divested of all credit, and justly held in contempt by every reflecting mind. "Every one in early life (says an American writer)," in reading ancient history, is troubled to know what measure of credit should be given to the ancient oracles and mysteries, concerning which there are so many marvellous tales to be found. Rollin's ancient history, a book much read among us, often mentions the responses of the oracles of antiquity. The writer was a pious, excellent man, but was fond of the marvellous, and not a little inclined to superstition. He believed that wicked spirits were sometimes permitted, by an all-wise Providence, to reside in these caves or inner shrines, to deceive mankind, by indirectly shadowing forth things to come. Other historians have spoken of the magicians, soothsayers, and astrologers, as having great confidence in their supernatural knowledge.

The first account we have of these *wise men* is that given by Moses, in his interview with Pharaoh. They were soon convinced that they could not struggle with the great Lawgiver, and yielded after a few trials of their skill. These magicians were scientific men, who soon discovered the natural from the miraculous.

The whole worship of Isis, in Egypt, was full of mysteries, and these *wise men* alone had the key to them. Tombs, temples, and all public buildings, and all the arts and sciences, were full of mysteries to the common people. It was the same in Persia and Assyria as in Egypt. The wise men were advisers of the king, and he supported them in ease and dignity. They were called in by Belshazzar to interpret the hand-writing on the wall, but could not read it.

When the Greeks made themselves masters of the learning of Egypt and Babylon, they found these mysteries of no small importance to themselves. They kept up the same air of secrecy, and devoted them to religious purposes. The oracle of Delphos having by accident established a reputation for correct prophecies, continued it, by art, for religious, but more frequently for political purposes. The Pythia, in every age, was a shrewd woman, who knew what was wanted, and who it was that inquired of her for knowledge; and her answers were made accordingly. The Egyptians and the Greeks were well acquainted with acoustics, and sounds were managed for their mysterious responses. That they understood the science of sound, witness the ear of Dionysius. The mysteries of Isis, and the Eleusinian mysteries, were kept up by subterranean caverns, so constructed as to throw strange images before the eyes of the initiated, by means of

moveable lights, and by tubes conveying strange sounds, when they were in darkness, to frighten them. Every one can tell how busy the imagination is when we are a little alarmed for our safety. These strange sounds, persons accompanying those about to be initiated, were allowed to hear, and sometimes they saw flashes of strange lights. There can be no doubt but that some of these ceremonies were awfully imposing. The higher orders unquestionably understood the whole thing, but the lower did not. From the whole concurrent testimony of ancient history, we must believe that the Eleusinian mysteries were used for good purposes, for there is not an instance on record that the honour of an initiation was ever obtained by a very bad man. The hierophants—the higher priests of the order—were always exemplary in their morals, and became sanctified in the eyes of the people. The high-priesthood of this order in Greece was continued in one family, the Eumolpidae, for ages. In this they resembled both the Egyptians and the Jews.

The Eleusinian mysteries in Rome took another form, and were called the rites of Bona Dea; but she was the same Ceres that was worshipped in Greece. All the distinguished Roman authors speak of these rites, and in terms of profound respect. Horace denounces the wretch who should attempt to reveal the secrets of these rites; Virgil mentions these mysteries with great respect; and Cicero alludes to them with a greater reverence than either of the poets we have named. Both the Greeks and Romans punished any insult offered to these mysteries with the most persevering vindictiveness. Alcibiades was charged with insulting these religious rites; and although the proof of his offence was quite doubtful, yet he suffered for it for years in exile and misery; and it must be allowed that he was the most popular man of his age.

These mysteries were continued until some time after the days of Constantine, in the sixth century, when they were prohibited. Sad stories have been conjured up to give importance to the Egyptian mysteries, but no one has attempted to throw any dark shade over those of Greece or Rome. The philosopher will readily believe that there was nothing supernatural in any of their mysteries; and all may set it down as a fact, that the initiated never pretended to any thing like a commerce with the inhabitants of the invisible world. They unquestionably often assumed to possess wondrous powers and great secrets; but this was only a means of keeping knowledge from becoming too common; and this was an error which lasted for ages, even down to our times.

Viewed by the light of a clear understanding, I believe all the marvellous deeds of the magicians, the astrologers, the soothsayers, the Pythia, and the whole tribe of these mystery-dealing beings, vanish into things, if not easily explained, yet certainly to be traced out. Incantations, charms, and talismans, which thicken on every page of early history, are dissolved before the torch of reason.

The Sibylline Oracles of Rome had once great influence among the people, and many honest men have now a belief that these oracles foretold the coming of Christ; but the wise part of our theologians have long since given up this fancy, for it can hardly be called a belief. The fourth pastoral of Virgil contains the supposed prophecy. The following is as fair an account of it as we have seen:—

"The Sibylline Oracles having received information from the Jews, that a child was to be born, who should be the Saviour of the world, and to whom nations and empires should bow with submission, pretended to foretell that this event would occur in the year of Rome 714, after the peace concluded between Augustus and Antony. Virgil, viewing this prophecy with the vivid imagination of a poet, and willing to flatter the ambition of his patron, composed his celebrated Eclogue, entitled *Pollio*, in which he supposes the child, who was thus to unite mankind and restore the golden age, to be the infant with which Octavia, wife to Antony, and half-sister to Augustus, was then pregnant by her former husband Marcellus. In this production the consul Pollio, Octavia, and even the unborn infant, are flattered with his usual delicacy; and the rival Triumviri, though a short time before in open hostility, have the honour of equally sharing the poet's applause.

"While Pollio, who seems to have been the most accomplished man of his age, and is celebrated as a poet, soldier, orator, and historian, was engaged in an expedition against the *Parthini*, whom he subdued, Virgil addressed to him his *Pharmacutria*, one of the most beautiful of all his eclogues, and in imitation of a poem of the same name by his favourite author Theocritus. This production is the more valuable, as it has handed down to posterity the superstitious rites of the Romans, and the heathen notions of enchantment. Virgil himself seems to have been conscious of the beauty of his subject, and the dignity of the person whom he was addressing, and accordingly has given us, by the fertility of his genius, and the brilliancy of his imagination, some of the most sublime images that are to be found in any of the writings of antiquity."

Some of the Christian fathers have stated, that on the eve of the birth of Christ, all the oracles of the heathen world ceased. It is certain that the Delphic oracles grew into disrepute about this time; but the Eleusinian mysteries, and those of the Bona Dea, were kept up much longer. Milton adopted the belief of

the early fathers of the church, and has expressed his poetical opinion, in an ode upon the subject of the silence of the oracles, which is full of deep interest and exquisite beauties. But there is no more reason to think that he was convinced of this as a fact, than that he believed all the incidents in his *Paradise Lost*.

All superstitions are to be traced to the diseases of the body or the mind. The filtres and charms are made for a diseased body or mind. Sometimes they may be efficacious, by chance; sometimes nature, the best of nurses, overcomes all obstacles, and heals the malady in spite of the nostrums prescribed. Among the ignorant, in all nations and ages, these panaceas are found. The greater the ignorance, the more efficacious the charm. The charm called the *Obi*, or *Obiah*, which is now practised in Jamaica, and other slaveholding places, was brought from Africa, and is now known throughout the country bordering on the Senegal and on the Gambia, and probably is a very ancient superstition. Something resembling this charm has been practised by the Indians all over the North American continent.

Feeble minds, under the influence of supposed guilt, are more likely to be affected by superstitious feelings than strong ones, full of deeds of blood. Sickness, fatigue, and hunger, would have made Hercules a whining child, as chills and fever did the mighty Cæsar; but a sound mind in a sound body, with a good education and a clear conscience, will never fear the charms of superstition, the spells of witchcraft, nor the power of magic. The seeds of superstition are too often sown in the nursery, and cherished in our youthful days. Bugbears are too often mingled with lullabies, and raw-head and bloody-bones with the first tales given to amuse infancy. The household divinities should all be pure, kind, lovely characters, having countenances of beauty, and tongues of truth. The stories of the fireside should be free from all hobgoblins and monsters.

There are perhaps many things in our history, and even in our natures and our hopes, hard to be understood, and some portion of them that the Great Author of our race never intended that we should be fully acquainted with. A sound mind will very readily comprehend enough of its powers and capacities to teach it, never to strive to attain what is above human reach, or to sink with fear at that which it cannot readily explain. Seen by the light of philosophy and sound sense, all the marvellous deeds of the magician, the astrologer, and the whole tribe of those who attempt to deceive the people, sink into those of common men."

#### BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

ROBERT MACKAY, THE HIGHLAND BARD.

To those who look upon Ossian as exclusively the forgery of a modern man of letters, it may be startling to know that the Highlands of Scotland produced, during the last century, various poets, who, without any thing like what is considered as education—without even having learned the letters of the English alphabet, or having ever conversed except in Gaelic—composed verses by no means inferior in merit to those of the supposed son of Fingal. It must of course be obvious, that, if the Highlands produced men of this kind in a recent age, the district might have produced another such as Ossian in one somewhat less recent (though not perhaps in the fourth century), as for many hundred years the general state of intelligence was not greatly altered. One of these Highland bards of distinguished merit was Duncan McIntyre, a poor Perthshire peasant, whose verses are said to manifest the purest and most delightful sentiment; and yet we remember being informed by the late Mr A. Campbell, editor of *Albyn's Anthology*, that, on the Earl of Breadalbane asking Duncan what he could do for him, by way of advancing him in life, the poor man was found to have formed no wish more ambitious than that of being made a soldier in the town-guard of Edinburgh—a ridiculous species of military police, in which the pay was sixpence a-day! Another eminent poet of the north was Robert Mackay, the subject of the present memoir.

Robert Mackay, otherwise called Rob Donn—that is, Brown Robert—was born in the year 1714, at Durness, in Sutherlandshire, the most northerly, and perhaps the most wild portion of the Scottish Highlands. His father was an honest herdsman, of whom nothing particular is related; but his mother is remembered as a woman of vigorous understanding, and a perfect adept in Highland poetry and music. From her, it is evident, Rob received the mantle of Gaelic poesy. Besides the minstrelsy with which she stored his mind, he had no other acquaintance with any kind of literature, spoken or written, except what he gained from hearing extempore translations of Scripture in the parish church. It must be remarked, as sensibly diminishing the wonder of his achievements as an author, that, though there was at that time no such thing as reading in the country, the common people mingled

\* Advice in the Pursuits of Literature, by Samuel L. Knapp. New York. 1832.

so much with their more literate superiors, as to put it in the power of any one of tolerable capacity to pick up much of what may be termed general information. In his childhood, Rob tended calves on the hill-side; but at seven years of age he was taken into the family of a gentleman of the clan Mackay, who carried on an extensive business as a dealer in cattle, and began to be employed in the task of driving herds into the south of Scotland and the north of England. As life advanced, his witty sayings, his satires, his elegies, and, above all, his love-songs, began to make him famous, not only in his native glen, but wherever the herdsmen of a thousand hills could carry an anecdote or a stanza, after their annual peregrinations to such scenes as the tryst of Falkirk and the fair of Kendal. Donald Lord Reay, the chief of the clan, and proprietor of the vast tract of mountain-land where Rob was born, was a true-hearted chief, resident constantly among his children, and participating in all their affections; he soon became acquainted with the merit of his humble clansman, and, having perfect confidence in his fidelity and steadiness, promoted him to the office of his *boman*, or cattle-steward—a place of considerable importance in the household of a nobleman whose estate was chiefly employed in the rearing of herds.

Rob now married and settled in life; he was a faithful *boman*, and his master estimated him highly; but the bard had some habits which could not be indulged in the immediate neighbourhood of the noble lord's residence, without giving occasion to scenes of a disagreeable nature in the household; and, after a few years, the connection was broken off, though without any interruption of personal good-will on either side. Rob was an inveterate deer-hunter: from earliest youth it had been his delight to spend days, nights, and weeks, among the wildernesses, in pursuit of this spirit-stirring diversion; and among prouder titles to distinction, his kinsmen honoured him as a marksman of the first order, and a very master of the mountain chase. In his boyish years, no one had ever dreamt of restraining indulgences of this kind; and though now law had been added to law, and regulation to regulation, "Honest theft is the spoil of the wild deer," continued to be a proverb in every mouth, and even the *boman* of Lord Reay was a constant trespasser. More than once he narrowly escaped the arm of the law, and yet nothing seemed capable of converting him from this darling error.

He was more than once detected in the forbidden act, and eventually summoned before the sheriff-substitute, when, in the event of sufficient evidence, the issue must have been banishment to the colonies, in terms of the statute. An anecdote on this occasion, strongly characteristic of the bard, has been lately related to us by his still surviving daughter. He set out to attend the court, early in the morning, accompanied by one of his wonted hunting companions. The prospect of transportation pressed heavily on his neighbour's spirit, but the bard remained seemingly quite tranquil. Not so his wife, who, with lamentations and tears, could not be prevented from accompanying her husband a part of the way. The bard would not even now part with his favourite gun, but shouldered it, at departing, with his wonted glee. They had not proceeded beyond a mile from home, when they came full upon a small flock of deer. The bard was not to be restrained. He fired, and shot two of them dead upon the spot. His wife, in great consternation before, was now not to be pacified. She imagined that her husband had just sealed his doom. He beseeched her to be silent. "Go home," said he, "and send for them; if I return not, you shall have the more need for them; but saluting her, and, in kinder terms, he added, "Fear not; it shall go hard with me if I am not soon with you again to have my share." The fact was, that though thus threatened by the authorities, there was scarcely one of the country gentlemen who would not have gone any length to protect the bard from the violence of the law.

Perhaps the deer-shooting, then, might have been got over. But Rob, in an evil hour, composed a satirical ballad in reference to a transaction of a very delicate nature in the noble household. Rob's presbyterian spirit was kindled by what he considered as a patronage of impurity in high places; he indited a bitter epithalamium, and received his mittimus from Lord Reay. That the dismissal was reluctant on the part of the nobleman, may be inferred from the affectionate terms of an elegy, in which Rob not long after lamented his death. Meantime, Colonel Mackay, son of the gentleman into whose family he had been taken in his boyhood, readily afforded him shelter and protection. The bard, with his wife and children, removed a little to the northward, and continued happy in the colonel's employment, until the first regiment of Sutherland Highlanders was embodied, in 1759, when he was prevailed on by the country gentlemen holding commissions in the new corps, to accompany them. Rob enlisted as a private soldier, but was never called on to take any part in troublesome duty. While his companions in arms were

tolling and fretting at drill, Robert was at large, enjoying his choice society or contemplations.

We doubt not, had the regiment ever been called into action, Rob Donn would have been found at his post. But no such occasion ever occurred. On the peace of 1763, they were marched back to Sutherland, and there reduced, with this honourable distinction in the course of their short service, that no restrictions had ever been required among them, and no man punished. As they had assembled as a corps with the primitive manners of a pastoral life, so they separated with these habits unchanged, and had the happiness of returning to their native glens, without a single individual among them having disgraced his corps, kindred, or district.

Rob Donn returned to his former quarters, and does not appear ever again to have wandered from them. His wife was a kind and prudent one: he turned out a steady and attached husband to her, and a careful and affectionate father to thirteen children. It speaks a very great deal for the worth of his personal character, that although he was dreaded as a satirist throughout the north Highlands, quite as much as ever Burns was in Ayrshire, he was promoted in due time, with universal approbation, to the dignity of an *elder* in the parish where he resided, and that he continued to hold that respectable and responsible station, without reproach, to the end of his life. The satirist, in short, was dreaded, but only by the vicious; and the poet was at once respected and beloved by all whose esteem he desired to possess. His society was courted by his equals, still more by his superiors; no social party was esteemed a party without him; no public meeting of the better and the best of the land was felt to be a full one without Rob Donn being there. Rob, as may be supposed, had no objections to his fair share of feast and bowl, but he never contracted dissipated habits of any kind, nor even showed a passing symptom of having taken a glass too much, until his robust constitution gave way, about the period of the grand climacteric. A northern *senachie* has given the following account of his latter end:—

"I remember Rob Donn very well. He was brown-haired, brown-eyed, rather pale complexioned, and, I would say, good-looking. When he entered a room, his eye caught the whole at a glance; and the expression of his countenance always indicated much animation and energy. In figure, he was rather below the middle size, strong, and well formed. In the month of December 1777, he attended the interment of an uncle of mine, who was a co-age of his. When the coffin was lowered into the grave, Robert turned to me and said, 'There is my co-age committed to earth, aged sixty-three; and before this time next year I shall also be laid down here.' It is remarkable that this prediction was fulfilled, by his death taking place in August 1778; so his age was exactly sixty-three years nine months." Rob was honoured with a funeral like that of a high chief; the proudest and the simplest of the clan stood together with tears in every eye, when he was laid in the churchyard of his native parish; and a granite monument, of some mark and importance, has been erected over his remains, at the expense of a certain number of enthusiastic Mackays, with inscriptions in Gaelic, in English, in Greek; and in Latin.

After enjoying a legendary fame for fifty years, a collection of Rob Donn's poems was published at Inverness in 1829, by Dr Macintosh Mackay, then minister at Laggan, but now of Dunoon, on the Clyde. His satirical pieces are said to be the best; but they lose their relish in a translation. Of his other pieces, including elegies and love-songs, some specimens are given in literal English in the Quarterly Review for July 1831, from which we have derived the greater part of the present memoir. (The article was the composition of Sir Walter Scott.) We shall conclude by extracting a portion of one of the latter kind, composed during a sleepless night at the town of Crieff, in reference to a Highland mistress, from whom he had been long absent:—

"Great is my esteem of the maiden,  
Towards whose dwelling the north wind blows;  
She is ever cheerful, sportive, kindly,  
Without folly, without vanity, without pride.  
True is her heart—were I under hiding,  
And fifty men in pursuit of my footsteps,  
I should find protection, when they surrounded  
me most closely,  
In the secret recesses of that shieling.  
Oh for the day for turning my face homeward,  
That I may see the maiden of beauty:—  
Joyful will it be to me to be with thee,  
Fair girl with the long heavy locks!  
Choice of all places for deer-hunting  
Are the brindled rock and the ridge!  
How sweet at evening to be dragging the slain deer  
Downwards along the piper's cairn!  
Great is my esteem of the maiden  
Who parted from me by the west side of the en-  
closed field;  
Late yet again will she linger in that fold,  
Long after the kine are assembled.  
It is I myself that have taken no dislike to thee,  
Though far away from thee am I now.  
It is for the thought of thee that sleep flies from me:  
Great is the profit to me of thy parting kiss!

Dear to me are the boundaries of the forest;  
Far from Crieff is my heart:

My remembrance is of the hillocks of sheep,  
And the heaths of many knolls.  
Oh, for the red-streaked fissures of the rock,  
Where, in spring time, the fawns leap;  
Oh, for the crags towards which the wind is blow-  
ing—  
Cheap would be my bed to me there!"

#### RHEUMATISM.

LAST week we said a few words on the subject of colds and rheumatism: we now propose to give a short exposition of the nature and mode of cure of the latter complaint, and that in the words of the agreeable author of the *Economy of the Human Body*.

"Rheumatism is divided into *acute*, when there is high fever and excessive pain of the parts affected; and *chronic*, when there is no fever, and when the pains are less severe and intermittent. Acute rheumatism differs from gout, in not usually coming on so suddenly, but gives warning by a gradual increase of pain. Neither is it fixed to one spot like the gout, but is distinguished by its frequent wanderings from place to place, accompanied by a sense of numbness. It seldom attacks the small joints, but is confined chiefly to the larger, as the hip, knee, and shoulder. Acute rheumatism is generally attended by a continued fever, whereas the gout has periodical remissions. Like most inflammatory complaints, it is preceded by rigours and a sense of cold. There is febrile, quick, and hard pulse. The veins near the part affected swell, and a throbbing pain is felt in the arteries. By degrees the pain increases, and the patient suffers cruel torture, which is increased with the least motion. The sense of pain resembles that of a slow tearing or gnawing of the parts, and commonly goes off by a swelling of the joints affected.

Obstructed perspiration, occasioned either by wearing wet clothes, lying in damp linen, sleeping on the ground or in damp rooms, being exposed to cool air when the body has been much heated with exercise, or coming from a crowded public place into the cool air, is the cause which usually produces rheumatism. Those who are much afflicted with this complaint are very apt to be sensible of the approach of wet weather, by feeling wandering pains about them at that period.

From these symptoms it will be seen that acute rheumatism is an inflammatory affection of some texture or textures of the body. Some have supposed its seat to be in the tendinous coverings of the muscles, some in the fibres of the muscles themselves, others in the substance or coverings of the arteries and veins, and others again in the nerves or their coverings. The popular idea that rheumatism is seated in the bones, is a very vague notion.

Acute rheumatism usually comes on with lassitude and rigours, succeeded by heat, thirst, anxiety, restlessness, and a hard, full, and quick pulse. The blood drawn from a vein exhibits a buffy inflammatory appearance, and the tongue preserves a steady whiteness. After a time, excruciating pains are felt in different parts of the body, but more particularly in the joints of the shoulders, wrists, knees, and ankles, or perhaps in the hip, and these keep shifting from one joint to another, leaving a redness and swelling in every part they have occupied, as likewise a great tenderness to the touch. Towards evening there is an increase of the fever, and during the night the pains become more severe, and shift from one joint to another. In no disease do we meet with so many and sudden changings and shiftings of the pain. Sometimes these pains leave the surface and extremities, and attack the internal parts of the body, such as the diaphragm, heart, brain, &c. It is in such cases that rheumatism becomes a dangerous and fatal disease; for, in its ordinary appearance, although a painful, it is not a dangerous affection.

Acute rheumatism being of an inflammatory nature, its cure consists in observing all the rules already laid down in treating of such complaints, such as cool air, low diet, perfect rest, and bleeding from the arm as often and to such a degree as circumstances require. In weak irritable habits, when no great degree of inflammation prevails, and little fever attends, and where the inflammation is chiefly local, bleeding, by means of leeches applied to the part affected, may be substituted instead of using the lancet, and will often be found to afford essential relief. This may likewise be used with benefit when much inflammation prevails in the system, as well as in particular parts, provided that general bleeding has also been practised.

When the pains are general and wandering, no local application should be used in acute rheumatism. All undue warmth, stimulating liniments, and warm fomentations, only aggravate the complaint. On the contrary, when the pain is fixed in one place, where there is redness, heat, and swelling, some cooling evaporating lotion may be applied with advantage, such as two drachms of muriate of ammonia and two of nitre, dissolved in a pint of water, or a weak mixture of camphorated spirits with vinegar or water.

Chronic rheumatism may occur after an attack of acute rheumatism, the one passing into the other, or it may originate in a primary disease. It is attended with pains in the head, shoulders, knees, and other joints, which at times are confined to one particular part, and at others shift from one joint to another.



without occasioning any inflammation or fever; and in this manner the complaint continues often for a considerable time, and at length goes off, leaving the parts which have been affected in a state of debility, and very liable to fresh impressions on the approach of moist damp weather. Little danger is attendant on this species of rheumatism, although it is a painful lingering disease; and a person once having been attacked with it, is ever afterwards more or less liable to returns of it; and stiffness of the joints, and a total disuse of their motions, are often the consequences of frequent attacks.

In chronic rheumatism there is no need of general bleeding from the system; nor is local bleeding resorted to, unless in cases where there is marked redness, tenderness, and inflammation of a particular joint, ligament, &c.

In ordinary cases, some stimulating liniment, as the tincture of soap, with opium, is to be rubbed into the parts several times a-day, and warm flannel afterwards rolled round the limb. Friction with the hand or flesh-brush is to be diligently used, and the vapour-bath applied to the limb, or a warm bath for the whole body is of the greatest benefit in relieving pain.

Pouring warm water from a kettle on the limb several times a-day, but more especially the vapour-bath applied to the limb, has been found of the greatest consequence in obstinate cases of rheumatism: after these, electricity and frictions may be applied. Camphor dissolved in ether, and applied externally, in painful affections of the joints, has likewise afforded singular relief.

The internal treatment consists in attending to the state of the bowels and digestive organs; a derangement of which often causes chronic rheumatism, or pains very much allied to it. For this purpose, moderate doses of calomel, rhubarb, and other purgatives, are to be frequently given.

Exercise, either of the whole body or of particular limbs, is highly important; and, to exercise the arms, the dumb-bells answer very well. For the lower extremities, nothing can be better than walking; and although it may prove a little irksome at first, in some cases, still by perseverance much benefit will soon be experienced. Want of exercise is apt to induce stiffness of the joint.

The clothing should be warm and comfortable, with flannel next the skin; and a flannel bandage put tight on the affected limb often affords relief. The diet should be light, but nourishing.

Chronic rheumatism often seizes the back and loins, giving rise to the disease called *lumbago*. This is a most painful complaint, the patient often being unable to stand upright or move in bed. It sometimes fixes in the hip joint, and is then called *sciatica*. Both these affections are to be treated in the same manner as chronic rheumatism, by frictions, stimulating liniments, mild sudorifics, spare diluent food. After the severe symptoms are over, a large plaster to the back in lumbago will be found to give firmness and strength to the muscles."

#### WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER.

Is a former number of the Journal, we presented our readers with the biography of Washington, a man whose memory meets with the highest respect, not only by the Americans, to whom he secured the blessings of national independence, but by the British, whose warlike efforts he powerfully assisted in frustrating. The following notice of the early days of this great man, is from the *Juvenile Miscellany*, a production of the United States, and will be perused with interest and edification by our young friends, who will see how much depends on attending to the admonitions and guidance of a good mother.

"It is impossible to visit the shades of Mount Vernon (where Washington resided, and now lies buried), to stand near the tomb where the father of his country reposes, to see the gardens which he cultivated, the mansion where he rested from the toils of war, the piazza where he so often lingered to view the setting sun gild the mighty river Potomac, without desiring to be acquainted with his domestic life, and save from oblivion every circumstance respecting him. Many anecdotes of his early years are treasured in this land of his nativity. Some of the most interesting ones were derived from his mother, a dignified and pious matron, who, by the death of her husband while her children were young, became the sole conductress of their education. To the inquiry, what course she had pursued in rearing one so truly illustrious, she replied, 'only to acquire obedience, diligence, and truth.' These simple rules, faithfully enforced, and incorporated with the rudiments of character, had a powerful influence over his future greatness.

He was early accustomed to accuracy in all his statements, and to speak of his faults and omissions without prevarication or disguise. Hence arose that noble openness of soul, and contempt of deceit in others, which ever distinguished him. Once by an inadvertence of his youth, a considerable loss had been incurred, and of such a nature as to interfere immediately with the plans of his mother. He came to her with a frank acknowledgment of his error, and she replied, while a tear of affection moistened her eye, 'I had rather it should be so, than that my son should have been guilty of a falsehood.'

She was careful not to enervate him by luxury, or weak indulgence. He was inured to early rising, and never permitted to be idle. Sometimes he engaged in

labours which the children of wealthy parents would now account severe, and thus acquired firmness of frame and a disregard of hardship. The systematic improvement of time, which from childhood he had been taught, was of great service when the weight of a nation's concerns devolved upon him. It was then observed by those who surrounded his person, that he was never known to be in a hurry, but found time for the transaction of the smallest affairs in the midst of the greatest and most conflicting duties. Such benefit did he derive from attention to the counsels of his mother. His obedience to her commands, when a child, was cheerful and strict; and as he approached to maturer years, the expression of her slightest wishes was a law.

Her common influence over him was strengthened by that dignity with which a strength of mind had invested her. This imparted to her great elevation of feeling. During some periods of our revolutionary war, when the fears of the people were wrought up to a distressing anxiety, many mistaken reports were in circulation, which agonised the hearts of those whose friends occupied posts of danger. It would sometimes be said to her, 'Madam, intelligence has been received that our army is defeated, and your son a prisoner.' 'My son,' she would reply, 'has been in the habit of acting in difficult situations.'

At length the blessings of peace and independence were vouchsafed to our nation, and Washington, who for eight years had been divided from the repose of home, hastened with filial reverence to ask his mother's blessing. The hero, 'first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen,' came to lay his laurels at her feet, who had first sown their seeds in his soul.

This venerable woman continued, until past her ninetieth year, to be respected and beloved by all around her. At length the wasting agony of a cancer terminated her existence, at the residence of her daughter, in Fredericksburg, Virginia. Washington was with her in the last stages of life, to mitigate the severity of her sufferings, by the most tender offices of affection. With pious grief he closed her eyes, and laid her in the grave which she had selected for herself. It was in a beautiful and secluded dell, on the family estate, partly overshadowed by trees, where she frequently retired for meditation, and where the setting sun beams with the softest radiance.

Travellers who visit the tomb at Mount Vernon, will find it interesting to extend their visit to this spot—where the mother of our hero, whom he was thought, in person and manners, greatly to resemble, rests without a stone.

We have now seen the man, who was the leader of victorious armies, the conqueror of a mighty kingdom, and the admiration of the world, in the delightful attitude of an obedient and affectionate son. We have traced many of his virtues back to that sweet submission to maternal guidance which distinguished his early years. She whom he honoured with such filial reverence, said, that 'he had learned to command others, by first learning to obey.'

Let those, therefore, who in the morning of life are ambitious of future eminence, lay the foundation of filial virtue, not expect to be either fortunate or happy, while they neglect the injunction, 'My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother.'

#### BIRD-NESTING IN THE SOUTHERN OCEAN.

MR EARLE, in his interesting "Narrative of a Residence in New Zealand, and Tristan d'Acunha," gives the following amusing piece of natural history, in speaking of his visit to the latter island. It relates to a strange kind of birds called *penguins*, which abound in southern latitudes:—"This day we visited what they call a 'penguin rookery.' The spot of ground occupied by our settlers is bounded on each end by high bluffs, which extend far into the sea, leaving a space in front, where all their hogs run nearly wild, as they are prevented going beyond those limits by those natural barriers; and the creatures who, at stated periods, come up from the sea, remain in undisturbed possession of the beaches beyond our immediate vicinity. The weather being favourable, we launched our boat early in the morning, for the purpose of procuring a supply of eggs for the consumption of the family. We heard the chattering of the penguins from the rookery long before we landed, which was noisy in the extreme, and groups of them were scattered all over the beach; but the high thick grass on the declivity of the hill seemed their grand establishment, and they were hidden by it from our view. As we could not find any place where we could possibly land our boat in safety, I and two more swam on shore with bags tied round our necks to hold the eggs in, and the boat with one of the men lay off, out of the surf. I should think the ground occupied by these birds (if I may be allowed so to call them) was at least a mile in circumference, covered in every part with grasses and reeds, which grew considerably higher than my head; and on every gentle ascent, beginning from the beach, on all the large grey rocks, which occasionally appeared above this grass, sat perched groups of these strange and uncouth-looking creatures; but the noise which rose up from beneath baffles all description! As our business lay with the noisy part of this community, we quickly crept under the grass, and commenced our plundering search, though there needed none, so profuse was the quan-

ty. The scene altogether well merits a better description than I can give—thousands and hundreds of thousands of these little two-legged erect monsters hopping around us, with voices very much resembling in tone that of the human; all opening their throats together; so thickly clustered in groups, that it was almost impossible to place the foot without despatching one of them. The shape of the animal, their curious motions, and their most extraordinary voices, made me fancy myself in a kingdom of pigmies. The regularity of their manners, their all sitting in exact rows, resembling more the order of a camp than a rookery of noisy birds, delighted me. These creatures did not move away on our approach, but only increased their noise, so we were obliged to displace them forcibly from their nests; and this ejection was not produced without a considerable struggle on their parts; and, being armed with a formidable beak, it soon became a scene of desperate warfare. We had to take particular care to protect our hands and legs from their attacks; and for this purpose each one had provided himself with a short stout club. The noise they continued to make during our ramble through their territories, the sailors said was, 'cover 'em up, cover 'em up.' And, however incredible it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that I heard those words so distinctly repeated, and by such various tones of voices, that several times I started, and expected to see one of the men at my elbow. Even these little creatures, as well as the monstrous sea elephant, appear to keep up a continued warfare with each other. As the penguins sit in rows, forming regular lanes leading down to the beach, whenever one of them feels an inclination to refresh herself by a plunge into the sea, she has to run the gauntlet through the whole street, every one pecking at her as she passes without mercy; and though all are occupied in the same employment, not the smallest degree of friendship seems to exist; and whenever we turned one off her nest, she was sure to be thrown among foes; and, besides the loss of her eggs, was invariably doomed to receive a severe beating and pecking from her companions. Each one lays three eggs, and, after a time, when the young are strong enough to undertake the journey, they go to sea, and are not again seen till the ensuing spring. Their city is deserted of its numerous inhabitants, and quietness reigns till nature prompts their return the following year, when the same noisy scene is repeated, as the same flock of birds returns to the spot where they were hatched. After raising a tremendous tumult in this numerous colony, and sustaining continued combat, we came off victorious, making capture of about a thousand eggs, resembling in size, colour, and transparency of shell, those of a duck; and the taking possession of this immense quantity did not occupy more than one hour, which may serve to prove the incalculable numbers of birds collected together. We did not allow them sufficient time, after landing, to lay all their eggs; for, had the season been farther advanced, and we had found three eggs in each nest, the whole of them might probably have proved added, the young partly formed, and the eggs of no use to us; but the whole of those we took turned out good, and had a particularly fine and delicate flavour. It was a work of considerable difficulty to get our booty safe into the boat—so frail a cargo—with so tremendous a surf running against us. However, we finally succeeded, though not without smashing a considerable number of the eggs."

#### A HAUL OF WOOD IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

How pleasing to the feelings of the enlightened and beneficent part of mankind will be the perusal of the following extract from the letter written by a Mr Morris, in Newfoundland, to Lord Bexley, and quoted as a note in Macgregor's British America. The incident related is one of the best illustrations that could be given of the principle of "peace and good will," which, we trust, will at some time universally prevail:—"It is a general custom at Newfoundland for the labouring classes and others, in the winter season, as a compliment to the clergyman, to bring him from the interior a quantity of wood or fuel. The friends of the clergyman of the established church at Saint John's, some short time ago, proposed what is there called a 'general haul of wood' for his benefit. I had the gratification of hearing the good, pious, and venerable bishop of the Roman Catholic church, address his numerous congregation, and request of them that they would join in the haul of wood, and that their general exertions, in behalf of his brother of the established church, would be more gratifying than any thing they could do for himself. On the day of the haul, it was most gratifying to observe the Roman Catholics, united with their brethren of every other religious persuasion, moving immense masses of wood towards the worthy minister's house. The great body of the working people were Irish, or their immediate descendants; and I can assure your lordship that it warmed my heart, though the mercury was fifteen degrees below zero, to observe the perspiration floating down their manly brows, whilst vying with the people of other countries, and other religions, as to who should pay the greatest compliment to the respected individual. The quantity of wood hauled out by the united efforts of the people was great indeed; but it would be an act of injustice to the individuals for whose nominal benefit this haul was made, not to state that it was soon conveyed from his residence to warm the cheerless cottages of the poor, the sick, the widow, and the orphan."

## Column for Schoolboys.

## THE ROMAN POETS—ELEGIAC AND SATIRICAL.

HAVING in my preceding papers given you a sketch of the more common Latin or Roman classical writers in use at schools, I now proceed to say a few words regarding some others not so generally studied by the young, but of which it is as well you should know something. Those I have now to speak of are of two classes—the elegiac and the satirical poets. Among the elegiacs, we have Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, and Lucretius; and of the satirists, Persius, Juvenal, and Martial. The whole lived about the beginning of the Christian era.

In the composition of elegiac or sentimental pieces, Ovid has been given the first place among the poets of Rome, though in some respects he has been excelled by Catullus, his contemporary, who possessed great originality of thought. Catullus was born in the year 36 before Christ, of a respectable family. His poems have been justly eulogised by his countrymen, and, to the number of one hundred and fifteen, have come down to the present times. Although he lived before the Latin tongue was in its greatest purity, yet he attained great beauty of expression, simplicity, and ease, and is known to have studied the Greek elegiac poets, Sappho, Simonides, and Callimachus. Catullus wrote a beautiful ode to his native place, the peninsula of Sirmio, in the lake of Benacus, now called Lago di Garda, in Italy, which has been translated into English by Leigh Hunt. It is as follows:

O best of all the scattered lands, that break  
From spreading sea or hill-retiring lake,  
How happy do I drop within thy breast!  
With what a sigh of full, contented rest!  
Scarce trusting, that my vagrant toil is o'er,  
And that those eyes behold these safe once more  
Is aught so blest, as such a loose from care,  
When the soul's load rests with us in the chair,  
When we return from pilgrimage, and spread  
The loosened limbs o'er all the well-known bed?  
This of itself repays the grinding toil,  
And gives to falling knees the freshening oil.  
Hail, lovely Sirmio! meet thy master's smiles;  
And laugh, thou sparkling lake, through all thine isles;  
Laugh, every social spot, your master's come;  
Laugh, every dimple on the cheek of home!

Tibullus, who was born a little later, and on the same day with Ovid, in the year 43 before Christ, died when forty-four years of age. Tibullus moved in the first rank of literary men and their patrons. He was an associate of Maecenas, Virgil, Ovid, and Horace. His elegies, which are reckoned exceedingly beautiful, and by many thought to excel those of other poets, have been translated and published in English; but they are little appreciated in the present day. "From the general tenor of his writings," say the learned authors of the *Bibliotheca Classica*, "he appears to have been of a gay, lively, and cheerful disposition, and it cannot be denied that he made love and pleasure too much the theme of his muse. Like other writers on these topics, to follow either his advice or example would be to forget the dignity of man." Dr Currie, in his *Life of Burns*, has an allusion to the muse of Tibullus breathing in that unfortunate Scottish poet, and awakening strains destined to immortality on the banks of Ayr. Propertius, another Roman poet of a similar character, was born in the year 58 before Christ, and was therefore a contemporary of Tibullus. He wrote no more than four books of elegies.

With regard to the merits of these various elegiac poets, according to modern ideas, little can be said. Their sentiments and the subjects they treat upon are generally alike impure and unfit for popular perusal. In many instances, their writing is only appreciated from the beauty of the language. Lucretius, who flourished during the Augustan age, was a poet somewhat of a different stamp. He was born in the year 98 before Christ, and is known to have become a great adept in the doctrines of the Greek philosopher Epicurus, which he extols in his poetic compositions. Lucretius is thus called a didactic poet, but the instructions he gives the world through his versification would now be considered very miserable. He maintains the eternity of matter, the materiality of the soul, and the non-existence of a Supreme Being. Dr Blair remarks, that the only passages in the works of Lucretius which render the subjects tolerable in poetry, are the digressions on the evils of superstition, the descriptions of the plague, and several other incidental illustrations, which are remarkably elegant, and adorned with a sweetness and harmony of versification peculiar to that poet.

Horace, whom I have already noticed, was the most remarkable of the Roman poets for a delicacy of railery and wit, and in this respect he has scarcely been equalled, even by the most ingenious of the moderns. Persius, Juvenal, and Martial, also displayed much excellence in this dangerous species of composition, but each differed from the other in the style of writing and poignancy of satire.

Persius was born in the reign of Tiberius, about the year 33 of the Christian era, and died at the premature age of twenty-eight, in the reign of the Emperor Nero. Persius completed his education at Rome, where he associated with the most refined men of the age, particularly Lucan, another writer of note, who lived at the same period. In this species of society, being stimulated by an ardent desire for knowledge, he made considerable progress both in philosophy and literature. He possessed a strictness of

principle which appears in his writings, and his life is said to have corresponded with the rigid doctrines of the Stoics, to whose philosophy he attached himself. Persius wrote when very young; but out of his multifarious productions, a few were only distinguished, and of these six satires have been transmitted to modern times. His chief merit lay in contemptuous sarcasm; and he is not esteemed either for the elegance or force of his language. Though attacking the follies of mankind generally, he alludes too much to local and temporary circumstances, and this has tended to lessen his fame. The satires of Persius have been translated into English by Dryden, Sheridan, Brewster, Owen, Madan, Drummond, and others, of whom Brewster and Madan are reputed to be the most successful.

Juvenal was a contemporary of Persius and Martial, or nearly so. He was born in the neighbourhood of Rome, in the year 40, of obscure parents, and of his early history little is known. At an early age he took upon him the duty of lashing the follies of those about him, and of exposing the vicious to contempt; and there was room for the exhibition of his talent. Regardless of the consequences, he directed his satiric effusions against the minions of the court of the Emperor Domitian, for which he was sent into a sort of banishment into Egypt, in the office of a centurion, which he executed for some time. Juvenal possessed a true nobleness of mind. He disregarded wealth, if put in competition with the practice of virtue, which he lost no opportunity of holding up to the admiration of mankind. His keen and forcible satires are justly considered a model of dignified composition, and have been much esteemed in subsequent times. Juvenal lived to an old age, and died in the year 128, at which time the graces of the Augustan age of literature had in a great measure departed. He has been called "the last of the Roman poets;" for none of any eminence appeared after him. The satires of Juvenal have been similarly translated into English verse by Stapylton, Dryden, Gifford, Marsh, and Hodgson, and into prose by Sheridan, Stirling, and Madan.

Martial was a contemporary of Persius, being born in the year 29; he however long survived that poet, and died as late as 104. He lived through the reigns of Galba, Otho, Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian; and by the last-mentioned he was raised to the equestrian rank, and promoted to the office of tribune. Martial is known as an epigrammatic writer. His style is full of quibbles and pert satire, but of such a nature as to illustrate the manners of a very licentious age, which did not escape punishment by his pen.

## CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

In commencing the publication of CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL, it was our most anxious wish to establish, for the first time, AN ENGINE OF UNIVERSAL INSTRUCTION, conducted on such principles as would render it a welcome and friendly visitor not only at the firesides of every class of society, high and low, without respect of party or sect, in Great Britain and Ireland, but wherever the English language was spoken, or its literature appreciated. A very short time proved the entire success of our scheme. The JOURNAL has long since found its way, without the aid of patronage, or any other artificial means of dissemination whatsoever, into every part of the United Kingdom, from the most northerly point of Zetland to the British Channel, as well as into all the principal towns in North America, and most other places on the globe where English or Scotch are settled; while, as we predicted, our novel plan of diffusing useful knowledge and innocent means of entertainment, without interfering with the prejudices or prepossessions of mankind, and thereby, as it were, gaining the whole human race for an audience, has been in some measure pursued by others who have followed in our course. With these gratifying results before us, and while regularly disseminating to the extent of two hundred and fifty-four thousand printed sheets monthly, we have frequently had cause for deep regret in perceiving that the newspaper press generally spared no pains to misrepresent the nature of our employment, and, by a most wilful perversity of reasoning, accused us of illegally trenching on the ground possessed by the publishers of stamped sheets. We are, however, glad to say, that a more just and more charitable view of our labours is now beginning to be taken by the newspaper press, whose circulation is much more likely to be increased than diminished through the taste for reading which we create. The *Dunfries and Galloway Courier*, one of the cleverest and certainly the most amusing of our provincial prints, in speaking of what has been accomplished by means of improvements in printing machinery, has the following notice of our productions in the paper for September 10—

"Nor are matters more stationary in the moral world. Society, as we have already remarked, has its tides; and even in the moral statistics and annals of the poor, changes are occurring, calculated to lead to the mightiest results,

and which might well guide the speculations of moralists, statesmen, and economists, were they apprised duly of their nature and existence. Of this we will give an example, of which we were ourselves ignorant till the other day. Conversing with a bookseller, chance brought on the carpet, among other topics, the comparative merits of Chambers's Journal, the Penny and Saturday Magazines, Mrs Johnstone's first number, &c. &c. All of these periodicals, and especially the first, have an extensive circulation in the south of Scotland, and we were surprised when our friend said, seriously and solemnly, 'Yes, Chambers has done what others could not do, not even the Tract Societies; opposition might hamper, but could not hinder the triumph he has achieved; already he is enthroned in the minds of the poorer reading public, to say nothing of others, and has proved to them a real benefactor and friend.' 'How?' we exclaimed, more puzzled than ever. 'How!' by banishing trash, and substituting useful and entertaining knowledge in its stead. If reading be the food and drink of the mind, there is certainly a great difference between a wholesome and a deleterious article or beverage.' 'Granted.' 'Well; not many years ago, I drew L.30 annually for trashy ballads, and still more trashy pamphlets, such as John Cheap the Chapman, Paddy from Cork, &c. A neighbour very near me dealt still more extensively in the same wares; and if you take into view the whole trade, you may form some idea of the wide-spread circulation of ballads, many of which were not free from indecency. But now "the Dublin robber,"

'Who robbed the rich, and did bestow,  
And gave to such as were poor and low.'

'John Cheap,' and 'Gregor's Ghost,' are never once asked for, and I no longer keep such trash in my shop. The country people must read something, particularly in winter, when the nights are long and the days short; and although economy be an object with them, they soon learn to distinguish, where a selection is offered, between sense and nonsense. Your high-priced periodicals they cannot buy; but the moment you combine economy with utility, some little bird whistles the tidings, which spread as fast as moor-burn in spring; and if you only choose to watch, on certain days, the milk-boys returning seated on donkeys or donkey-carts, you will discover that almost every urchin among men is thumbing Chambers in place of a ballad, and reaping the benefit of a partial perusal earlier than either his master or mistress. You yourself mention, in your character of Gilbert Burns, how much he felt delighted when Robert took a seat beside him on a barley sheaf, and read the first draft of the 'Cottar's Saturday Night.' That poem may be unequalled in merit; but the Journal also contains gems which keep down scandal in the harvest field, and are talked of and felt when the reapers unbend their backs at the bottom of a *breck*, or rest during the morning and mid-day meals. The tracts were cast too much in the same mould, wanted variety, and had other faults, which narrowed their circulation, and defeated the praise-worthy intentions of their authors; and my firm conviction is, that Chambers has done more to wean the people from trash, cultivate their minds, and excite curiosity, than all the Tract Societies that ever existed."

The intelligent speaker afterwards adds, that the cheap periodicals "are every where creating something like a soul under the ribs of death, and conferring, even while they are injuring men of original genius, the most important benefit on the community at large." A sentiment here requires in a certain degree to be modified. So far as regards our own publications, men of original genius have no reason to complain of injury. We give employment to a number of literary men, who receive a ready and adequate remuneration for their labours; and, considering the slender chance which most authors have of benefiting by the writing of books, a great deal more money, we venture to say, is thus dispensed in increasing the stock of original literature, than if the old system of publication, to the exclusion of the cheap periodicals, had still existed. By our own publications alone, there are put into circulation upwards of twenty thousand pounds annually, out of which sum an immense number of persons are partially or wholly supported—at least benefited to an extent which would be in no respect compensated by an abandonment of our trade to the former patrons of literature.

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